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THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I NUMBER 47

DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY

Six miles up the Carmel Valley on Saturday evening a Ford truck was trundling along carying a long load, a mud-drill protruding from its end some four or five feet. It carried a red flag, but no warning light. An approaching car skidded from a blowout, and Charles Stanfield driver of the truck, halted his load to climb out and help its owner, a lady. Both cars necessarily parked on the highway.

Behind the truck drove up a new Nash, in its front seat three young men, on their way to the San Carlos Ranch. Too late, in the dark, it swerved from the invisible menace protruding. The sharp edge of the mud-drill crashed through the car crushing Dino Bernardi's chest and injuring his young brother, Elasho Bernardi so badly that he died on the way to the hospital. The driver of the car was not injured.

CARMEL VALLEY

from a linoleum cut by Margaret Bruton.

FULFILMENT

If there was some disapointment at Carmel's first Christmas Festival two Sundays ago, this was considerably softened by the delight of the carol afternoon at the Dickinson's on the Point on Sunday. The house was filled with carollers and music-makers of all ages from three to eighty-five. The grownups joined in the songs they knew. Picturesque beside the lighted tree was the orchestra, accompanying. Violin and flute played Bach.

This was how we could have wished it at the Golden Bough for everybody the week before,—this joyful participation, the joy visible and not hidden dark behind curtains. This is perhaps how we can do it next year, having learned how visual we are after all.

At the Dickinsons' every year there is the same surprise at the end... Just as the littlest children of all in a group stand singing their littlest carol, something happens above. A wind starts blowing. From above the white flakes begin falling, —a snowy shower on the heads of the clapping youngsters. Up they all look, into the inexplicable mystery. (And no one will ever ever tell the secret of the hidden electric fan up there blowing the tissue bits.)

A little boy coming home with his mother that evening from the Dickinsons' looked up into the brilliantly-studded heavens; stood still, and burst suddenly into song, "Silent Night," softly...up to the stars.

THE NEW YEAR

See now the wind has risen across the hill
And the dark forest opens its arms to Spring!
The little New Year is potent with great life
An infant Hercules.

What voice is this resounding on the wind?
Break, break ye walls!
Break like the leathern pomegranate
Bursting with red seed.

The heart has split into fire.
See now the god sets foot upon the flame
And rises his full height.
His voice rings out across this northern sphere
"I run! Run ye, abreast of me who dare!"

—Dora Hagemeyer.

Carmel News

A BROWSING ROOM FOR THE LIBRARY

The Public Library announces the opening of the Harrison collection of books to the use of the community. This collection is a personal one. Walking into the room which holds it is like walking into the private library of someone who knew and enjoyed books,—and it is free from the chaff which litters most public library shelves, which is put there to popularize the institution of reading. One can sit down in a comfortable chair in this room, and feel at home among books of dignity. There is no democracy of books here,—there is "culture" as Matthew Arnold meant it.

Mrs. Harrison, whose books these were, was the daughter of Whitelaw Reid. Her collection includes a fine group on the religions of the world,—the Koran, the Vedanta, Blavatsky, volumes on Buddha, on Shintoism, mysticism. There are also well-chosen representative groups on politics, and government; on psychology and philosophy; on Chinese and Japanese art. There are a few rare and unreplaceable volumes, such as Racinet's "Costume," which is treasured behind locked doors in a glass case (but all you need to do is to ask for the key), and a Browning collection.

And there is a shelf of dog books, fiction and otherwise, chosen with affection for their subject.

It is a roomfull of books good to be with, good to browse among,—a collection peculiarly living. It brings greater life to the library of Carmel.

A proofreader's error occurs on page seven of this issue. The heading "Peter's paragraphs" occurs over an article quoting Laura Bride Powers. All of this should be read as by Mrs. Powers.

ANNOUNCING THE MARRIAGE OF YODEE REMSEN

On Christmas Day Mrs. "Yodee" Remsen became the wife of Howard Johnson, brother of Mrs. Paul Flanders of Carmel. Her home will hereafter be in St. Paul, Minnestoa.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB HOST TO INTELLECTUALS

The Carmel Woman's Club announces a lecture next Monday afternoon at two in the Pine Inn by Mrs. Frances O'Grady, of the Council of International Relations. Liberals and internationalists will be particularly interested, and all are invited.

The regular monthly meeting of the Carmel Parent Teacher Association will be held Wednesday afternoon, Jaunary 9th, at three o'clock, at the Sunset School. Miss Hatton, County Librarian at Salinas, will speak on Children's Reading.

THE PERIPATETIC TONSORIAL ARTIST

"Business as usual" reads the sign. Earthquakes and housemovers may come and go, and Paul's very barber shop go trundling along to another part of town. But business is business no matter what, and Paul goes right on barbering all the time his shop sails lightly over Ocean avenue and round the corner. Subtle housemovers. Subtle tonsorial art, which achieves without a nick.

Meantime there is a hole in the skyline of Dolores Street,—like a dental aperture looking expectant of the future. Yes, yes, yes, that hole means business.

NEXT IN LINE

In fact, there is a general restlessness among Carmel Buildings. First the Leidig Building. Then Paul's. And now Lincoln Inn and the residence of Mrs. Maud Hogle on Lincoln, are tugging at their roots. Sneak up on them at the dead of night and watch them lifting a bit at the corners, wriggling about on their cellar foundations. Getting restless, that's what they are. Shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Hogle's house took a stroll one of these days down to Monte Verde and Eighth or so, and decided to settle down there for a while. Need a little change of view. Tired of looking at the church.

What next?

Why, next, there will rise on these sites a bigger and better Lincoln Inn, still directed delightfully as now by Mrs. Ball; but as a continuation of the architectural line and style of La Giralda, designed by its architect, financed by its owner. Gone are the board and batten styles of early Carmel; going are shingles and other wood construction. Enter, with La Giralda, El Paseo, and the new Lincoln Inn, the Spanish type of building. Excellently designed for its type as La Giralda is, and with a fine sense of return to the best of Spanish orientals, it still remains to be discussed whether the Carmel landscape chooses the Spanish or another as typically its own. Carmel has the dollhouses of Mr. Comstock, the little Hænsel and Gretel woodcutter's cottages. It has the modified English styles of the Seven Arts Building. It has the hit-and-miss cottage concoctions which cause visitors to call us a shocking slum. It has various attempts, spurious and otherwise, at Spanish stylization. It has not yet evolved a style of its own.

It will be time soon,—or is now,—to contemplate the question of a general style for the town. Santa Barbara has done a fine thing since the earthquake with unity of style,—fortunate in the possession of architects who are at the same time artists.

An Art Commission, directing the building style of a town, may damn it or make it. If we dared. . .?

AND THE BARBER KEPT ON SHAVING

from a linoleum cut by Gertrude Tooker.

The Y. M. C. A. conference which has been going on during the week at Asilomar illustrates well how liberal forces are taking the place of rigidities in the field of religion and the church. The three hundred participants at the conference include as well as undergraduates from the colleges and universities of the Pacific coast many students from Hawaii, Mexico, Japan, China, the Phillipines, a negro, an Indian.

In connection with the presence of the peninsula of these foreign students, some of them of shades of skin other than pink-and-white, an interesting situation arose. There was some question as to who should shave these men. Monterey barbers were refusing, not from personal prejudice, but for business reasons. It was consistent with the spirit of the conference that one of these barbers should be invited by it, in the midst of its discussions war and peace, international and the race relations, to come before it and lecture informally upon the problems involved in the shaving of non-Aryans in the town of Monterey. A Monterey barber therefore appeared before the conference and delivered his maiden speech on why he couldn't shave orientals and keep his business.

The result of this conference was that three peninsula barbers agreed to shave students of the conference irrespective of racial or international variations.

EDWIN CAREWE (an interview)

A heavy man in golfing clothes leaning on the desk in the sunny quietude of the Highlands Inn studying a telegram. He turned slowly when he heard his name and acknowledged an introduction to the Carmelite reporter. His deep voice murmured assuringly that he knew the paper —of course—always read it.

The reporter explained that he had worked on sets with Mr. Carewe in Hollywood. The heavy voice took up the thread. No. That was Cruze—James Cruze. This was Edwin Carewe, of United Artists. Of course.

Now the heavy lidded eyes under yellowish glasses were turned benevolently on the reporter. Slow eyes. That saw everything. The slow, deeply vibrating voice went on to explain that Mr. Carewe is up here to film Evangeline with Dolores Del Rio playing the name part. Forty thousand dollars will be spent on the miniature village on the Point, the Acadian homeplace of the heroine. The filming will take some three weeks and in that time the company will have disbursed seventy-five thousand dollars, including salaries. When joshed on his optimism in looking for long-haired girls on the Peninsula Mr. Carewe's eye flashed briefly but he maintained that he would find the girls he wanted on Fisherman's Wharf in Monterey. The rest of the cast of six hundred will be brought up by busloads from the south.

Personal Bits . .

If we were conducting a society column, with what gay dinner-parties it must this week be packed! We should tactfully skim over that Christmas Eve at **'s, at which the best, distinctly the very best and most representative, people of Carmel became, under the mistletoe and also under the rose, gayer, more scientillating, than usual, and surprised themselves into talking several languages they didn't know they knew.

We should mention the dinner party of Mrs. Mary Young-Hunter; and that of the George Blackmans; and then the one of Anne Martin; and we should end up somewhere with the festivities at Helen Deusner's, whose ordinarily peaceful household now entertains for the holidays some twelve or so. (We absentmindedly called her up to invite her to dinner; but on hearing of the number, hastily managed to tangle up telephone connections.) It would for that matter be shorter to publish a list of those quieter souls who stayed at home on Christmas and New Year's Day.

At the Dickinsons', the gay hullabaloo of an enormous family, three generations wide, giving and receiving among mountains of tissue paper and the sound of music. At Anne Martin's, someone reading the poetry of Edna Millay, the Buck in the Snow, to a listening group. Caroline Blackman making a poem to the new year. Dora Hagemeyer bending over her two boys, telling a Christmas story. At another end of town, gin fizzes and a doubtful confusion (and the interior doubt, "Am I really having a good time or am I?") And out of doors in the bright light of childhood, small boys ardently plying their new red wagons, their new red-topped rubber boots, listening to their new wrist-watches behaving so tickingly, testing out their new pocket-knives on whatever surface (the piano or any old thing) there is handy.

* * * *

Dr. Hans Barkan, San Francisco oculist, and his wife and son, are in Carmel over the holidays.

* * * *

Dr. H. G. Baynes, psychoanalyst, has returned to his house on San Antonio and Eighth to stay till January ninth.

* * * *

Tilly Polak spent the days surrounding Christmas in the hosuital. This sounds grim and gloomy,—but only to those who do not know the Carmel hospital. Not austere and chilly barrenness, but warmth and charm fill this delightful place. Lying in bed in one of these hospitable green rooms, you look out upon an enchanting garden so cooling to the nerves, so serene, that it is possible almost to wish to remain there a chronic invalid for life!

Word comes from Edward Kuster in Germany. He is in Munich, in contact with dramatic activities there, and also studying at the university. He will shortly be joined there by Gabrielle Newby, and their marriage take place early in January.

* * * *

Sara Deming is in Carmel for a holiday of two weeks. It is one of the sweetest things in life to return to the heart-whole welcoming of many old friends.

* * * *

John Jordan retires this year from the presidency of the California Northern Hotel Association, and will be tendered a dinner by that organization on January the twenty-eights in the Rose Room of the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco. The New Year will be busy for him with plans and the erection of his new building, to take the place of the present Pine Inn.

* * * *

Mr. Russell Moore, professor of marine biology in the University of Oregon, has just returned to Engene after several weeks spent at the Marine Biology Laboratory in Pacific Grove.

* * * *

The third instalment of "They Still Fall in Love" by Jesse Lynch Williams appears in the Saturday Evening Post of December twenty-ninth. This story is illustrated by Henry Raleigh who is at present in Carmel, and the model for his illustrations was Peggy Palmer who contibutes a clever weekly article to our contemporary.

* * * *

An interesting wedding ceremony took place at the Community Church at the conclusion of the morning services Sunday. Rev. I. M. Terwilliger officiating. The contracting parties were Miss V. Edquist and Floyd E. Harker, popular local residents at Carmel. V. M. Bain sang "Because I love you," and an orchestra composed of Mrs. J. C. Sayers and Messers Roberts, Bogen, Somerville and Robbins played "Oh promise Me."

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Frances Roy back from the desert averring it is "nearly as lovely as Carmel."

* * * *

Mrs. Myra B. giving automobiles quite a wide berth, even on her native Dolores.

* * * *

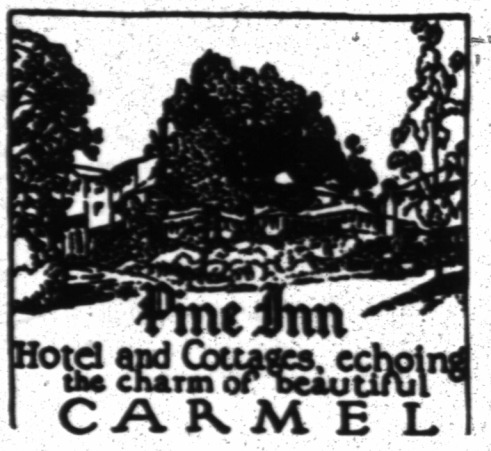
A flat-bottomed boat being constructed in the Baynes yard.

* * * *

Autos driving quite carelessly down San Carlos.

* * * *

Mr. Claywell doing a brisk trade in hot water bottles. (Sunny California.)



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RETROSPECT

When twelfth night comes, we shall dismantle our trees of their stars, as is the ancient custom. We shall take from the fireplace shelf the cards of greeting which have been there more than decoration,—because they have been the voices of many friends speaking across many spaces, and have sounded the note of renewed friendship as though orchestrically. And we shall most especially free the orchestra of its one discordant note,—that card; painted and designed in a chic and modern style,—which says "this is the last. We'll send no more cards in any other year." Tired of a meaningless obligation to send meaningless greetings. Of course.

But there are wide differences between the trite and the traditional. It is trite enough, and meaningless, to select a Christmas card from a commercial collection, order it engraved, and send it in wholesale lots, checking off a list as you go. It says nothing and means nothing, and has only what one might call a "numerical" value.

In Carmel, and among creative people generally, one sends a greeting which is truly one's own,—made, cut, carved, designed, to tell his own tale in his own way. Commercial Christmas card businesses must do feebly here,—if we judge by the preponderance of the individual linoleum cut, the poem made for the occasion and the friend.

And then there are the Seymours. Every year for five, ten, fifteen, or it is perhaps twenty-five years, there has come on Christmas Day from the Ralph Fletcher Seymours (yes, their house is on the extreme edge of the Point, though they have been much in Europe and the east and little here) an ancient Christmas carol, etched and designed in traditional old English fashion by Mr. Seymour. The carol chosen from remote sources by Mrs. Seymour. Once an old Norman song; this year a twelfth-century French one. The sum of them all will some day make a delightful book, dear to singers and friends of beautiful old music.

The Seymours, in this young land careless of tradition, have built a rich tradition. If the Seymours ever die (not that they will!) a hundred of us, or two or five hundred of us, will miss them most specifically on Christmas Day.

THE WOODMAN SPARES THE TREE

In Los Angeles this year there has gotten under way a movement which well deserves a counterpart in Carmel. Los Angeles needs trees. All southern California needs trees. Down there it is more possible than in wooded parts of the country to realize the brutality of cutting down for the ten days of the Christmas season every year millions of trees which it has taken years to grow.

So Los Angeles has started a movement

for Christmas trees out of doors. Mary Pickford, who can be counted on for any movement fostering the conservation of tree life, is an active organizer of the movement.

And so, this year, there have been many trees alight and sparkling out in their gardens on Christmas eve,—a pretty sight, and one which must considerably have startled the birds.

Carmel had a few such trees. We propose that next year there be more of them, that all along the streets of the town there be twinkling forest. Leave the indoor tree, with its attendant slaughter, for those who live gardenless, in apartments and hotels. But we in Carmel live in a forest,—in a forest of Christmas trees!

In Pasadena there is an avenue of tall evergreens which every Christmas eve is a cathedral aisle of candlelight. Santa Rosa Avenue, leading up the mountain. Many come to see this sight, forswearing the gaudy counterfeits set indoors by poor dear Santa Claus. (We call him a poor dear because the old gentleman's taste in tree decoration, abetted by the cohorts of Mr. Woolworth, is notably crude.)

If next Christmas eve in our little town-set-in-a-forest, there were beside every cottage, in every garden, a lighted growing tree. . . . . .

ROGER STURTEVANT BRINGS US THE DYBBUK

On Sunday evening of this week Roger Sturtevant showed at the studio of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous the group of photographic studies he has made of the San Francisco production of The Dybbuk. Remarkable in composition as these photographs are, Sturtevant avers that it was not he who arranged them; that the stage direction was in itself magnificent as to spacing and composing. The pictures are a record of a production of unusual power. Anton Zemach, formerly with the Moscow Players, is evidently a director of genius. The play goes to Pasadena.

The Pacific Coast has had this season two great plays,—Lazarus Laughs of Eugene O'Neill an the Dybbuk. Efforts were made by Denny and Watrous to bring Lazarus to the Golden Bough in Carmel. The size of the cast made this impracticable. The Dybbuk is transportable. But meantime Carmel, once known over the world as a center of production for the finest in the field of drama, has died. Having missed The Dybbuk in San Francisco, and only now realizing the force and the artistic vitality of this production, we shall have to go south to Pasadena.

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The Arts . . .

The most startling drama of the present Broadway season is the Theatre Guild's production of "Wings over Europe" by Robert Nichols the English poet and Maurice Browne.

Its theme is the redistribution of atomic force, with all the dire convulsions of nature which that implies. Lockridge of the Sun says of it, "If there is eloquence in it there is also authentic poetry. Always there is a flinging up of symbols and abstractions to the distant and presumably disinterested heavens. It is drama ringing with the clash of idea upon idea and singing with that music words make if they are hurled high enough."

Anderson of the New York Journal reports, "Take it for all sorts of parable and it is profoundly absorbing. Read into it scriptural records and promises and it comes out a touchingly heroic allegory set up with deep and poetic imagination."

Its profound discusion and bewildering fantasy have flabbergasted the intelligentsia, and the Guild's subscribers are divided into enthusiastic rooters, and bewildered sceptics who are wondering what'ell.

—G. B.

A PAINTER OF THE MYSTICAL

The paintings of Mary Young-Hunter of Carmel, having returned from a successful exhibit at the Art League Galleries in Santa Barbara, are now on their way to Los Angeles to be shown.

The work of Mrs. Young-Hunter is little known in Carmel where quietly she paints. It was long ago recognized and acknowledged in England as painting of distinction, mature in finish and rich in feeling. Capable and confident as is her workmanship, the paintings of Mrs. Young-Hunter are pervaded always by a wistfulness which is characteristic. Working from beginning to end of a generation, she has at all times been contemporary, continuously a modern. Much of her later work is executed in gesso. It is suffused throughout by a rich color-charm. It reflects always a mystical view of life.

"A mystic with a keen sense of life is Mary Young-Hunter." So writes Laura Bride Powers in a recent issue of the tive panels of Mrs. Young-Hunter on ex- Oakland Tribune, after seeing the decora- hibition at Gunmp's in San Francisco.

"A chapel of beauty. An old silver brocade from Chery Blossom Land on the table with mauve and white chrysanthemums waving from an old bronze bowl.

Peter's Paragraphs

Looking down upon it a singularly, beautiful little carved figure—the filtered sunlight picking out the burnished gold that of it.

On the right, a richly toned panel of threaded through the soft green and ivory Buddha and the Christ Child, angels and flowers about, held together by a band of dull gold.

Perfume of myrrh and frankincense floats from this, wrought in a manner that carries one back through the rapturous period of the early Transcendentalists to Benvenuto Cellini and his confreres—they who well knew how to lay a gesso ground.

And then you stop. Because you know that here is something of our own time, full of vitality and healthy beauty and—something derived from that somewhere whence came new thoughts, new things.

New combinations of old things. you say.

Aye, friends. But that's originality.

It may be literally true that there's nothing new under the sun. But the combinations we're getting, and the things we're finding out in the Great Reservoir of the Infinite are comforting evidence that we ARE finding new things every day that rises up out of the East.

And a gentle little woman—a woman with glowing eyes, a child's enthusiasm, a swift mind and an "old soul" has given us something that I venture to observe is new. New and beautiful.

Because a thing is new, or is old, is it not therefore important, though it may be interesting? But when an object of art is beautiful, and it opens up new brain cells both in its accomplishment and in its appreciation, it IS something worthy of record.

And to share in the beauty of the new adventure into the world of art, let me commend you to spend an hour with these cameo-paintings—or whatever they are—in the Post-street little gallery. And if the world has been a bit harsh with you, all the more need that you go.

Only a part of the work is hieratic, but one cannot pass the "Flight from Egypt" —a burnished, glowing poem in color, moving rhythmically through its composition, almost overful, yet arriving with the definiteness of a Pamela Bianca."

Flowers! blue white purple rose
Around me on a high flung hill.
And all about wide rocks
Washing in the sun.
And the shining golden sea beyond.
And next! a flood of stars.
And round it all. . .the night.

—Carrie M. Blackman.

THE JANUARY
SAN FRANCISCAN

contains an article on

'THE NEO-CARMELITES'

by Katherine Parrott Gorringe. It airs certain foibles of Carmel's mystics and radicals. —Let us know what you think of it. Is this a true version of Carmel Life?

In this issue are also a Hagemeyer portrait of Lincoln Steffens—an article on the early days of Mencken, Lewis and Jeffers—and a discussion of "Our Vanishing Drama."

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CALIFORNIA

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EDITOR: Pauline G. Schindler.

MANAGING EDITOR: Robert L. Roe

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Lincoln Steffens	Fremont Older
Carol Aronovici	Dane Rudhyar
Sara Bard Field	Laidlaw Williams
Charles Erskine Scott Wood	Ella Winter
Dora Hagemeyer	Stanley Wood
CIRCULATION:	Bruce Monahan
STAFF ARTIST:	Virginia Tooker

Editorials . . .

News of the purchase of the sea-front property on the Point just in front of the Robinson Jeffers tower, as well as of the jutting piece west of the Schoeninger residence, brings up the old question of the proper possession of the sea-edge. Assuredly the happiest arrangement is that it shall be for the perpetual use of the people, for us now and for those who come after us; that it shall not be closed to general use.

In the case of these two pieces it is already too late. Their sale serves to remind us that the general question of sea-front ownership must be met now. The Point is of course out of the city limits, and unless it be included in some way, cannot be the subject for official civic action. Perhaps the thing to do is to include the Point within the city of Carmel.

Those are magnificent rocks, those at the verge of the properties sold,—over which thousands of lovers of sea-life and tide-drift have explored the nooks and crannies in which it hid and clung. Scientists and poets reach a moment of inner birth in such times of exploration. No private residence, no matter how skillfully landscaped and beautifully set against the sky-line, can equal the loss to us of all of this.

But our regret is futile unless it spurs us to action. The habit of writing down an emotional response, or reading and rising to a good hot indignation, and then . . .letting it go at that is a bad one. If we believe that the community needs to consider this matter of the sea-front, the thing to do is, not to nod the head, sagely over the conviction, but to discuss it with the City Council, to make a plan, to achieve an action.

A STRIKE TO ENJOY

There are whispers of a coming labor strike hereabouts, and one is due. The last fight wasn't settled, historically speaking. The unions were beaten, and we know from the experience of other, older communities that the organization of skilled labor is inevitable. Whether you like them or you don't, combinations of labor are as sure to come as the trusts and the incorporations of capital that we did not like and now are taking stock in. The cause, the incentives exist, so, naturally, they come, and, since men cannot yet learn by the experience of others, since they have to go ahead and learn each by his own experience, there will be strikes. California, with its open shops, its so-called American system, is behind the east; the Monterey Peninsula is behind the older, Northern parts of the state; and, of course, Carmel is behind even Los Angeles.

We'll catch up. Nature provides a substitute for intelligence, fortunately. The economic forces which are working everywhere are with us here and we do not have to be reasonable. We need not be sensible about the strike that is due us. It is only much more fun to watch or suffer a strike with the mind than with the emotions. And, as a tip to the intelligentsia, let us remind them that there are certain superficial truths which will help one to keep his head.

First: there is no right or wrong in a strike. This follows from the fact that the struggle is a result of a manifestation of natural forces at work, using men and making them squeal with discomfort and a sense of wrong done and rights to be established. The effect of any pain upon men is that: they think in terms of right and wrong, so both sides are right and declare the other wrong. Let the low-brows take sides. A high-brow knows that, no matter what they do, neither side is right and neither is wrong. Both sides are fighting for a power which the winner will abuse.

Second: Don't ask them to stop fighting. They can't till one or the other is licked, and whenever Carmel and Labor do "get together" they take it out of the consumer. The Building Trades in great cities have been together a long time. It costs a lot of bribery and corruption, and, then, when the leaders of Labor and the captains of the industry were in cahoots, it was the Captains of industry who got the Labor leaders to call strikes on their competing builders and so formed the monopolies that dominate construction in our cities.

Third: workmen don't prefer unions. Labor is and has to be organized with the brass knuckle because the workers are not labor-class-conscious; they think they are or are going to be capitalists. They are middle-class-conscious. It is force and necessity that unites them and the only good they get out of the union is the sense and the habit of common action and the advantage of objective bargaining through an agent with the boss.

Fourth: this is not dangerous to capitalist society. The American Federation of Labor is against revolution. The officers of it are more bitterly opposed to Russia than the Captains of Industry.

Sixth: the most comical point to keep in mind is that Unions are necessary to capital. Mark Hanna discovered and expressed this idea once when the writer of these lines was in Cleveland. There had been a street-railway strike. Hanna, disregarding the advice of his expert and stupid advisers, saw the leaders of the union he was against and, sure, they settled right away and not in the interest of labor either. Mark Hanna went down the street of the banks and big business men the next day and said: "Say, we ain't against organized labor, we are for it. Organizations of labor are like organizations in politics, they put the workers in a basket just like political parties put the votes in a box. All you have to do is to "get" the leaders and you've got —whatever you want.

No. Our strike won't happen as soon as the whisperers predict, but it will come and we hope everybody will enjoy it; and learn from it; and keep out of it. And, one tip to the leaders of Labor in it: Don't punish the scabs that have been working unorganized. They couldn't help it and, an intimation that they will be forgiven will strengthen the strike and ease the victory, which as we have said, won't hurt anybody except possibly the revolutionists.

VARIETAS IN DISPUTANDUM

Ardent protest has come to us as the result of a letter published in last week's Carmelite over an editorial signature, answering a question raised concerning a moving picture recently shown here. There are several individuals editorially active on the staff of the Carmelite, and we do not always agree. The letter printed does not present a view on which all of the staff are unanimous. In fact it would be difficult to find a subject on which do not vary considerably.

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE

Should they whisper false of you,
Never trouble to deny;
Should the words they say be true,
Weep and storm and swear they lie.
—Dorothy Parker.

The Pacific Coast

(This article was sent to us after a hearing of the premiere of the prize symphonic rhapsody, "America," by Ernest Bloch, which was played simultaneously in half a dozen cities on December twentieth.)

Bloch's "America" could not, primarily have been written for musical cognoscenti, though I more than suspect they would make it their respectful obeisances. It is truly "America for the Americans"; and it was so accepted at its first presentation last night in the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. It came aptly on the eve of Forefathers Day.

It is because I am American, and because I am no musician that I dare to speak of it.

This Swiss Jew has been among us for twelve years and in three unusually brief symphonic numbers, he has told us more than Keyserling and Siegfried have had insight enough to gather.

Both of these have seen our triviality, our mechanization, our idealist beginnings and our commercial and blatant present.

In this poem, Bloch, with sympathy and deep understanding shows us the rather unlovely path already trod. He points out unflinchingly our meannesses, sentimentalities and sordidnesses, glossing nothing over; yet he makes clear that beauty and righteousness may in a divine passion be wrought from even such as these.

"Even the wrath of man shall praise thee" So often trick writers will interweave into a so-called "pot-pourri,, different airs, national and local, that one might shudder to know that Bloch has done much of this. But the mark of genius is that it can do grandly where tyros fail.

Bloch turned the sentimentality of "Suwanee River" into golden sentiment; made of "pop-goes-the-weasel" a glittering pattern of silver; gave us iron jazz, amid the roar of machines—and showing us where danger lies, worked his developing anthem into the rhythms of a sombre Dead March.

His main theme began in the very first bars of the first movement, like the faint trickle of springs in the hills; and every where that he lead us, new currents joined in power. Until at the last magnificence of climax, the great audience rose to Schneevoight's baton, in gratitude that it was permitted a release of its full heart to the throbbing orchestra, singing "America thy name is in my heart."

It was such an emotional experience, as comes but seldom in our inhibited lives. It was the outburst of a real patriotism by those who for long since have scorned to use a cheapened word.

—Mary E. Bulkeley.

Poems . . .

DANCE OF SHIVA

a dance of renewal for the new year

Break the globes of the hour-glass!
And the sands which have run to the lower chamber;
The sands which have measured, and measured, and measured,
The grains which are husks of vanished moments,
The grains spent and vitiated by time. . .
Let's toss them high in the winnowing night
To free them from time's charnel husks.

I'll swoop up the sand with my curving left hand
And watch the circle go up and around
Over my head like a comet's tail.
Then I'll catch the stream in my rising right hand
Then over again to my waiting left hand
In an ever longer and higher parabola
While I race from my throw to my catch
As I winnow the brightening stream. . .

Then I'll gather the sands and start them spinning
Round my finger as a coiling lassoo
Which I'll start at my feet and raise to my head
While I outrace the whirling coil. . .
Thresh myself as I winnow the sands
Purge myself of the glut of dead moments
Free myself from the husks of dead thoughts
Renew my plasm of timelessness
Woo my inexhaustible core
Unswathe the cerements of my dead selves

Outrace the ring of whirling sand
In spirals of mounting fanatical momentum
Outrace the circle girdling my thighs
Outrace the circle winnowing my torso
Outrace the circle over my heart
Outrace the circle over my head
Till dazed into inertia of speed
The clasped uplifted hands seem still.

Then I'll leap and let the ring go free
Let it loose over its own sweet orbit
Watch it skim through the lessening night
Zig-zag up to the nearer stars
Find myself where I belong
Outshine the smudge of the constellations
Outshine the dross of the Milky Way
Outshine the stars of name and number
Join the drift of timeless nebulæ
Spin in the whirl where stars are born!

—Hugo Seelig.

FAREWELL

Half-way down the mountain I bade you farewell;
In the sunset I watched you depart.
As the light faded from forest and hilltop,
Vanish'd gladness and joy from my heart.

When dawns the new year, bringing Spring back to earth,
Again grass will grow green in the dell,
But whether or not you will ever come back,
Alas! No living mortal can tell.

—Wang Wei
(699-759 A. D.)
-Translated by Henry H. Hart.

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Movies . . .

THE GAUCHO

Douglas Fairbanks is a most satisfactory hero who must delight any childlike heart. We were pleased to see that Carmel audiences so far forgot the Palace of Art they were in and the Artiness of the Town in which they lived that they clapped when the Gaucho's men came galloping to the rescue of their Chief in the City of the Miracle. One really beautiful piece of work in this picture is the vision of the Madonna speaking to the mountain girl. There was much good acting in the picture, the little Mexican firebrand Lupe Velez being particularly satisfying. As long as Doug remains the acrobat and athlete he is he cannot fail.

Today and tomorrow The King of Kings is being shown; a picture with both good and bad points, but in any case a picture not to be missed. Friday comes The Head Man.

Rinty of the Desert with Rin Tin Tin on Saturday, and Three Week Ends by Elinor Glyn on Sunday and Monday. This lady at least knows the stories which she writes; and Clara Bow is a vivid little personality. Tuesday is The Mad Hour with Alice White and Sally O'Neill.

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World News

A world-event is slowly taking place in Pasadena. The largest astronomical lens ever ground is being made for the observatory. This work will take four years, and is being done under the supervision of an imposing group of the world's astronomers.

The work is an acutely delicate matter. The chief problem lies in the reflector. So far the largest reflector ever made has been a hundred inches wide. This one will be two hundred inches wide. It is made of quartz. The chief difficulty in its making lies in its cooling. This must be done very slowly,—half a degree every few months. All worked with a geometric accuracy appalling to the lay mind.

When the masterpiece is finished, stars, moons and suns never before known of will float into our picture of the universe.

The infinity of space was questioned today at the meeting of the American Astronomical Society in conjunction with the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

* * * *

The startling suggestion that space is not infinite but finite and limited was contained in a paper sent by Dr. Walter S. Adams, Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory in California.

This discovery which upsets scientific beliefs held infallible for centuries was made with the world's largest telescope, a 100 inch reflector, at the observatory.

The treatise was on the subject of light. Dr. Adams' amazing suggestion that space has its bounds was contained in the theory that light travels in a "closed universe" and not indefinitely. The belief is a development of the Einstein theory of relativity. Dr. Adams wrote:

A few weeks ago a small spiral nebula near one of the poles of the Milky Way was observed with the 100 inch reflector on Mount Wilson. It is very faint and part of one of the most distant objects within range of present telescopes. It was found to be moving away from the earth at a amazing rate of nearly 2,500 miles a second, nearly double the velocity of any cosmical object so far observed.

* * * *

Bolshevism is often used to denote a supposed anarchic desire to rebel against law, order, and authority, which seems a queer transversal of meaning, when we consider that Bolshevism de facto is probably the severest, most rigorous and authoritative form of governmental oppression under which man has yet lived, and the furthest removed from either anarchy or liberty.

—Rose Macaulay.

Books . . .

AMERICA LOSES A GIFTED WRITER

One is pained by the death of Elinor Wylie as by the loss of any rare and exquisite thing—a white cloud gone over a hill, a rose unpetalled by the wind. We shall miss her for the sense of security she gave to the frailest gossamer threads of life. Here was a priestess who took care of these things. Whether she wrote a novel or a poem, it was all woven of silver and white rain, but somehow mysteriously authentic for all that.

We did not have to see her, to love her. She moved among us just as surely as she moved among her intimate friends. She has left us with nothing in our hands but the work she has given us. But perhaps the real Elinor Wylie is still here and that which has gone is but the veil which hid her from us. For look at this:—

"When foxes eat the last cold grape,
And the last white antelope is killed,
I shall stop fighting and escape
Into a little house I'll build.

But first I'll shrink to fairy size,
With a whisper no one understands,
Making blind moons of all your eyes,
And muddy roads of all your hands.

And you may grope for me in vain
In hollows under the mangrove root
Or where, in apple-secented rain,
The silver wasp-nests hang like fruit."

Such beauty elusive souls of fairy texture are somehow never really with us till they are gone. —D. H.

Recently a psychiatrist was called in, it is believed for the first time in the history of such cases, to testify on the obscenity or otherwise of certain books imported into this country. The case occured in Baltimore when a proprietor of a book-store in that town attempted to import "Daphins and Chloe," a translation of the Greek of Longus by George Moore, some copies of a London magazine called Aphrodite and other books.

The psychiatrist, asked whether he would recommend the promiscuous distribution among the people of the United States of the books questioned, answered:

"No. Neither would I recommend the promiscuous distribution of Shakespeare. . ." He said there was plenty of literature needing to be suppressed which might readily be obtained in drug stores and news stands, and added that a boy could begin with the Bible.

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FROM HEIDELBERG

One evening after a long session over the beer mugs a student rode a donkey into one of the best hotels in Heidelberg with his fellow students in single file behind him. It all happened before the war when such things could happen any minute. He meant no harm by what he did, but the serious faculty body thought otherwise, and after a short trial he was convicted and sent to prison for two weeks.

Next morning two porters knocked on the door, were admitted and proceeded to carry him, bed and all down the stairs. One must take his own bed to the University prison in Heidelberg. On the street he was greeted by his brethren and a huge furniture van drawn by four horses. Up this with great solemnity and difficulty the porters carried him, carefully balancing the bed on the top of the wagon. A thoughtful friend handed up a glass of beer and his long student pipe. So, comfortably fixed, he settled down to the long ride.

With solemn faces and without a word the fraternity band formed a single line before the horses and the rest of the men behind in a long file. Beer mugs in one hand and hats respectfully removed in the other the procession marched off to the saddest music the band could play. The route to prison was the longest they could find, giving them a chance to show the whole town what a sad thing had happened to one of them.

At last the procession arrived before the prison door, gloomy and thirsty, for all the beer was gone. Bed, student, pipe and all were again carried down from the wagon top and up the stairs to the tiny cell where no one could come for two weeks. Sad farewells were made and the gang rushed off to get some beer in their mugs.

One might think that the prisoner would languish and grow melancholy in solitary confinement, but not at all. When the sun rose next day the passers by all looked up at a pair of wires that ran from the grated window to the barber shop across the street. It was not there the night before, and what in the world was the idea? About seven oclock his friends and brothers came to the shop for their daily shave and trim still in pajamas and bath robes. While a pair were having their faces shaved they spoke of the sad plight of the prisoner and one suggested that a glass of good foaming beer be sent to him. In a jiffy one was brought from around the corner, put in a basket and by means of a trolley was pulled up to the window where two arms reached out and seized the mug. In no time the empty glass was coasting back hopefully for more.

THE FAST SET IN INSECT LIFE

The "flaming youth" of the insect world, evolutionally speaking, are just as fond of the bright lights, a hot time, and fast living generally as are their human prototypes. That is to say, the more modern insects, the species most recently evolved, have a higher metabolic rate, faster physioligical processes, move more rapidly, and prefer bright sunlight and the warmer parts of the earth.

This is the thesis advanced by Dr. Clarence H. Kennedy of Ohio State University, writing in Zoology. He has made a special study f the dragnflies, but has examined also the family trees and present modes of living of a large number of other groups of insects, and in general he finds that they al fall into line with his theory.

"Modern" or recently evolved insects in general have three preferences. They like the tropics as a place to live, they prefer open, sunny places rather than dim woods or shelters under bark or stones, and, when they needs must live in a cooler zone they thrive best in the hot summer rather than in the cool spring. Insects of this group include such active and relatively intelligent orders as the ants and bees, the higher dragonflies and the day-flying butterflies.

The tastes of the old-fashioned insects, which have sometimes been called "surviving fossils," are just the opposite. They develop their maximum numbers in the cooler parts of the earth, fly in the cooler parts of the day or lurk in the shady woods or even in dark crevices, and are most active in the cooler seasons. These hexapod fogies include stoneflies and mayflies, thrips, booklice, and the lower families of the grasshopper, moth and fly orders.

Another point developed by Dr. Kennedy has to do with the length of life of the groups compared. The "slow" insects live long—breed only once a year as a rule, or sometimes require several years to come to maturity. He cites one primitive genus, an intermediate form between crickets and cockroaches, wrich take three years to come to maturity, and which has to be raised on ice in a refrigerator. The "fast" moderns, on the other hand, mature and reproduce much more rapidly, a couple of weeks suffice for the whole life cycle of some of the higher flies. Theirs seems to be a short life and a merry one.

Dr. Kennedy's study upsets the old fable of the ant and the grasshopper. For, while a few of the grasshopper order are modern and "fast," the bulk of the family is conservative; whereas none of the ants are "slow" and most of them belong very decidedly to the insect fast set. —Science News-Letter.

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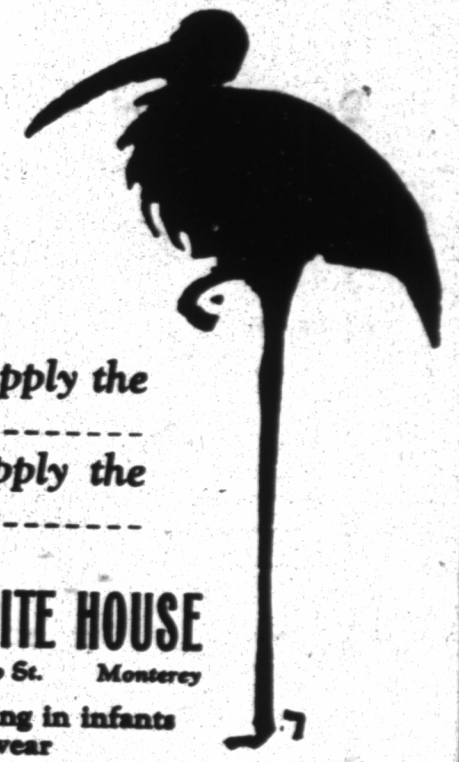

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The Youngest Set

"And be sure to wash behind your ears!" called a warning maternal voice as he splashed about in the wash basin. "Remember this is your new Christmas suit and you are going to be VERY formal!"

"O Mother," Come a wail. (After all he was only six.) "Not behind my EARS!"

* * * *

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* * * *

Stuart and Anne Martin (5 and 6) were having an imaginary telephone conversation.

"Hullo, Hullo, you big sap!" cried Stuart into the microphone.

"You have the wrong number" responded his sister politely.

* * * *

Alan Wood (6) encountered something that needed explosive description.

"Oh, damn" he cried.

"Alan, you're not to say that word," scolded the grown-up.

"Hell, then" said Alan.

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